

**Superluminal Pachyderm
presents**

Oddities

**Lyrics
by
Ken Robinson**

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All music and lyrics by Ken Robinson.

Produced by Ken Robinson.

Title of track 10 by Earl Houser.

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Bags of Pens

i am moving, nothing else seems to matter
i feel like a credit card, piles of olive loaf
solutions to five-legged automobiles
run to the plateau, climb a tree
adjustment, more weather to deal with
alberta knows about saskatchewan
joe street is running around in circles
little rich people feeding me vitamins
ear drops, noisy shoeboxes, bags of pens
first in line, quadrilateral formations
vampires, arctic circle, common clothes
forged toasters claim the kitchen as theirs
no argument, bumblebees read me instructions

The Soliloquy

illusions of unspoken reflections
this sonority may have no sophistication
refrigeration helps store sustenance
but, taxes are no longer three pence

surreptitiously objects disappeared
this insanity seems quizzical, i fear
malleable lithium, quid pro quo
vassals of nonentity riding velocipedes, this is so

yet, this tortuous road of nonsense remains quixotic
and the manifestation agrees with hydraulics
therefore a lapidary in your landau
will end this soliloquy for eternity

Oddities

breathing in large quantities of air
the oddities haven't a need to care
neptune is rising above the horizon
hopefully there is no error in calculation
don't you hate it?
when your feet don't cooperate with your head?
you end up walking right smack into a wall
not noticing the bump slowly forming on your head

oddities, baby
creating something new out of mediocrity
oddities, baby
the smog blocks the view that you see
oddities, baby, oddities

someone is in my head, could it be me?
drank a gallon of lemonade, did you see?
then i walked in a leeward direction
found nothing but confusion
then the insanity makes its maneuver
creating malodorous garbage all over

oddities, baby
creating something new out of mediocrity
oddities, baby
the smog blocks the view that you see
oddities, baby, oddities

End of an Era

it hit the earth hard
plowed into its surface 15 kilometers deep
set the sky afire
in minutes, north america became hell
the whole planet in flames
and soon we ceased to exist

the dust is settling now
the sun no longer shines
it is always winter
we are now all dead
and no one will know of us for 65 million years
they will find our fossilized remains
and an uncommon material in our final stratum

The Leviathan

park swingset, deliberator
ask me some questions, i will not answer
nothing survives the transfer
don't be afraid of high tide
feed your computer pi

supermarket clerk, moron at work
claims to know nothing, doesn't know why
found pajamas in the tub
and he brushed his teeth
brushed his teeth

[distorted robot--french verses]
sacs de pain de porc-épic, merveille ce qui suis je
arrêts fiscaux de bus, pantalon sur la lune
pois roulant en bas repassant d'un panneau
nous poussons des enveloppes par mauritanie
paquets de cordes, l'odeur de lundi

cuillères argentées, nez faisant étranges de bruits
devrait nous voie pour qu'elle se remplisse avant que nous vident?
un panneau repassant rebondissant en bas des étapes
alimentez-moi les marteaux, alimentez-moi les crayons,
alimentez-moi les sacs des crayons lecteurs
et il s'est brossé les dents
il s'est brossé les dents

[back to english]
parallel people, wish they knew what
tossed a fishing net, caught the leviathan
surprise, a noisy contribution
threw it back into the bay
nothing more to say
fisherman, une manche

red marauders, telephone workers
found it laying inside my mansard
optical illusion, ordinarily graphical
back in antarctica
we all brushed our teeth
brushed our teeth

the leviathan, incognito
slipped away, never to be found
so they sat there and ate tapioca pudding
collecting tax on all the spoons
the leviathan lives again
lives again

Cliff of Cotton

[undecipherable rambling]

The Pants Treaty of 1707

they came from the east
led by a setup boot disk beast
we were unprepared for the event
our last globules of current
vocalize our mouths to warn
only to precipitate popcorn

popcorn proved to be a weak defense
their bombs promptly eliminated sense
in confusion, we surrendered
they gave us peas in return for thunder
we were forced to wash often
we signed the pants treaty of 1707

Idiot!

suddenly lights search the night
they cancel out the candy bar
they're looking for that stinky person
that leads to the sandblocked tar
the world is at my fingers, out of control

idiot! listen to what i have to say!
idiot! the world revolves in a pile of hay!

i am seeing the morons again
all the dinosaurs cement the parking lot
they're at the port, saddened
troglodytes parking and walking the knots
i'm sitting here having my dinner

idiot! by command you have been chosen!
idiot! popcorn freezes the oncoming revolution!

i smell the sweetness upon the winding fork
like an idiot lost in a black hole
madness and tv dinners lost without cork

a train strange enough to eat bowls
i'm just sitting here, the world is okay

look at me now, admiring weird noises
look at me now, admiring weird noises
look at me now, idiot!

idiot! listen to what i have to say!
idiot! the world revolves in a pile of hay!

idiot! by command you have been chosen!
idiot! popcorn freezes the oncoming revolution!

Pre-Potholes and Pre-Peas

high voice: hey, quit goofing off!
low voice: what?
high voice: are you hard of hearing?
low voice: what?
high voice: i want a top 10 hit that's bouncy!
low voice: really?
high voice: let's get to work and quit goofing off!
low voice: ummmm... okay... one bouncy song coming right up!

Potholes and Peas

Title idea from Earl Houser

potholes and peas
well, what do you know about that?
potholes and peas
arms flying about, avoiding the swat
potholes and peas

bumping and swerving down aisle 9
supermarket cops handing out fines
trail of coupons behind me
a cart filled with toothpaste, peas, and tea
a sharp turn down aisle 10
i didn't see the pothole, is this the end?

look at the peas, flying through the air
toothpaste and tea, in the lady's hair

potholes and peas

well, what do you know about that?
potholes and peas
arms flying about, avoiding the swat
potholes and peas

chaos down aisle 10, into fruit punch
pointing lots of fingers, dog food crunch
manager arrives to negotiate peace
he'll be bombarded by a wave of peas
i should've been looking where i was going
thanks for the fun, i think i'll be leaving

toothpaste and tea, flying through the air
look at the peas, in the lady's hair

potholes and peas
arms flying about, avoiding the swat
potholes and peas
well, what do you know about that?
potholes and peas

Ghonk

a. two by two

grounding out, two by two
salami and bread, twenty-two by twenty two
floors and hampers, two by twenty-two
flee from sneeze, twenty-two by two
our supply of protein is down
our supply of carbon dioxide is high
helping out the barking, baffling dots

sinking cheese holes, two by two
counting letters, two by two, too
what's the news around the authority?
can you explain a deficit for this today?
this is me understanding two
two hundred and twenty-two by two thousand two hundred and twenty-two

b. across the confusion bridge

are you receiving my message clearly?
bippitybops, disturbing, an atmosphere?
strange feeling, can it be so clear?

what is it?
what do we know?
this is me, am i out?

c. what we want

we will tell you what we want
we can give you bacon and eggs
we can keep our pants from falling down
there is nothing you can do

we will control all valid input
we will be the firewall, you will be safe
we will drop little tori into your bowl of milk
there is nothing you can do

d. here come the ghonks

ghonk, ghonk, ghonk...

"what the heck was all that about?"
"uhhhh... i don't know"
"maybe we should get out of here?"
"uhhhh... oh yeah, forgot about that"

e. attack of the solar wind

computers waiting for input
governments waiting for money
floating inside a tin can
please give me a hand

can i ever get along with these peas?
on the other side of the planet it is dark
the hydrogen points looking strange
spread across the universe, no pages
impacted by the solar wind
spinning round and round and round...

"after all this, you just have to wonder...
was it all about hilbert space and eigenvectors?"

f. two by two, part two

landing on mars, edge of a crater
is this the dark, dingy, old hamper?

distant noises starting to sing
over the cliff, disappearing from sight
trees observing a space oddity
no sense, don't know why
equipment scattering dust, pancakes
pipperpops, don't know why
deodorant, two by two
stinky fleabags, two by two
two by two

g. return of the ghonks

ghonk, ghonk, ghonk...